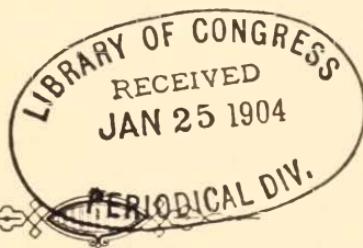




Ye Quaint Magazine



VOL. V.

JANUARY, 1904.

No. 1.

YE QUAINT MAGAZINE

7 St. Paul Street, * * * * * Boston, Mass.

A Jolly Visitation.

We have just had a brief visit from Old Quaint himself, and his wife. Old Quaint is Amos W. Rideout, editor of YE QUAINT MAGAZINE, Boston. He is a lean and lanky Yankee you'd look at the second time, and his dry humor and fund of anecdote, and his wife's *comfortableness*, would make them welcome anywhere. His wife is a comely helpmeet; and the pair are typically Bostonian. They came all the way up from Boston on the trolley lines, and were still ready for more trolley. The top of Mt. Tom, where we went first, was too breezy for them; and anyway it wasn't Boston. But they enjoyed the gay maples and neat onion patches and the bluffs and hills of the country around Sunderland, and Mrs. Hoxie's home-made dinner at the Mt. Tobey House was quite to their liking as well as ours. We inquired for Mt. Tobey and were told it was out of sight around the corner of some other hills. The Mt. Tobey House was evidently named for the most out-of-sight thing in that sweet land of onions and tobacco. Perhaps the name was merely intended to make little folks ask questions. We axed 'em all right; though between Amos's yarns and William's we girls could hardly edge the questions in. We had a good visit and consequently shall all live happier ever after.—*The Nautilus.*

When one knows how little he knows, he knows a good deal.

Ye QUANTICUS.

THE Eclectic Review

A Monthly Journal Devoted to
Eclectic Medicine and
Surgery

GEORGE W. ROSCOWITZ, M. D.
EDITOR

Assisted by the faculty of the Eclectic
Medical College.

Monthly \$1 a Year

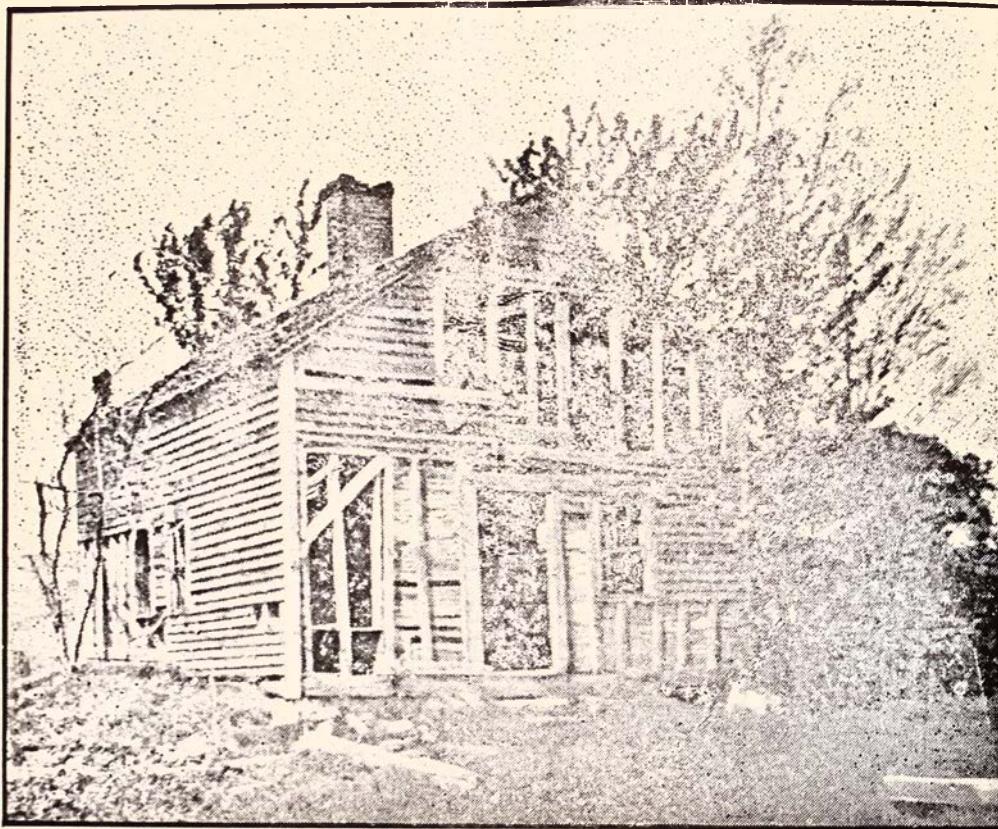
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176 Tremont st., Boston.
UNDER TREMONT THEATRE



THE RUINED COT

(See poem on Page 9.)

“Before me stands a ruined cot
Where doleful winds are trilling.”

Y^e Quaint Magazine.

For the Collection of Odd, Queer and Curious Things.

VOL. V.

BOSTON, MASS., JANUARY, 1904.

No. 1.

MY FELLOW TRAVELER

I HAD been nearly two hours in the saddle, and my journey along a deserted road, about which hung not a few appalling tales of outlawry, must yet cover a mile and a half through a thick wood ere I could reach shelter for the night. Above me was a starless November sky, and about me a wind that howled like a Banshee. I was very tired—I had to confess it to myself—very nervous.

I looked anxiously before me as we entered the wood. I saw two lines of trees closing in a narrow path. Stare into the blackness as much as I might I could see nothing else. I urged my horse to a quicker pace and plunged into the uncertainty of this forbidding avenue. The long line of gloomy sentinels seemed to stretch away interminably, grudging the room for one horse and rider to pass. I could have sworn, too, that there was no break in that line of trees through which a horseman might enter.

Yet, turning my eyes suddenly to the right, while I tried to quiet the violent trembling of my horse, I saw another horse and rider at my side.

Silently this strange horseman had crept upon me; silently he was riding at pace with me. In my excited condition there was something awful and mysterious in this noiseless approach and advance. My hand sought the weapon concealed beneath my cloak. Then a voice, with something decidedly foreign in tone and accent, came to me from a distance.

"Good evening, friend."

"Oh!" said I, boldly; "Is it *friend*?"

"Did you fear a foe?" asked the stranger.

"Nay," I replied, trying in vain to subdue the quivering of my horse; "but I have heard some ugly stories about this part of the country."

"They say, in truth, this is a haunted road."

"Well, I certainly do not fear foes of that description," I returned scornfully. "I would not enjoy being murdered by a ruffianly highway-

man, but I am not afraid of meeting his ghost ;" and now I laughed, reassured and quite at my ease.

" Ah ! " said my companion, with peculiar inflection.

" You are doubtless bound for the 'Blue Boar', as I am ? " I asked.

" I go where you go—for this night ! "

I shivered involuntarily. The strange wording of what might have been so simply answered impressed me vividly and unpleasantly. Then I instantly remembered that this man was evidently a foreigner, and as the welcome lights of the Blue Boar now flashed upon us, I dismissed the thought with a sigh of relief. I was a little anxious to see my companion's features, but he had never once turned his face in my direction. He continued to ride in an exact line with me, step for step, to the inn door, and the wide and drooping brim of his gray hat threw an impenetrable shadow on the face beneath, while the folds of a long, gray cloak concealed his figure.

The sound of our horses' feet brought the landlord hurrying to the door with a cordial greeting and a comment on the ugly night, which, I instantly observed, he seemed to direct entirely to me. Even after entering the inn he addressed himself exclusively to me, asking the sort of room I liked and questions concerning the supper, and ignoring utterly the gray-clad stranger. But as the latter made his way to the fireplace, and drawing a quaint carved chair from the corner, seated himself quite at ease, I concluded he was in all probability an habitue whose ways were known to mine host, or a person perhaps of small importance.

" Some gentleman's servant," thought I, glancing in his direction. But this supposition perished as quickly as it was born, for, though the eyes were still shadowed by the hat which he had not removed, the firelight fell full on a mouth and chin of great beauty and delicacy, and showed the fine lines of the nose with its sensitive nostrils, and the whole bearing the unmistakable stamp of breeding. Now he raised his eyes to mine, and a sort of horror sank deep in my heart as I met them thus turned upon my own,—such dark, awful, melancholy eyes, looking out from such a pallid face ! I positively dared bear them no longer, and with a long-drawn breath I turned to the landlord, now hurrying in with hot food.

" Lord, sir ! " cried the good man, " what is it ? "

" What is *what* ? " I asked testily.

" You *looked* so, as if you had seen a ghost ! "

A low, musical laugh came from the corner by the fire, but I resolutely kept my face turned away, and I made no answer to my officious host.

As I seated myself at the board I asked briefly, and from a sense of courtesy,—including the stranger,—with a little sweep of my hand:

“Do I eat alone?”

“Quite alone, sir,” the landlord replied, looking at me, I thought, curiously.

I finished my supper in silence. My host went to prepare my bed-chamber, and left me alone with the man in gray. Determined to conquer my absurd dread, I turned full toward him.

“You have taken nothing to eat, nothing to drink after your cold ride, friend,” I said, hesitating a little over the last word.

He rose, and fastening his singular gaze upon me, advanced slowly to where I was standing.

“I have no need of food or drink,” he said, in his slow, foreign voice, and all weather is alike to me.”

He was close beside me. He extended his ungloved hand—white and delicate as any woman’s, adorned with two costly rings—“I will say good night, friend,” he said, smiling. “Perhaps we shall meet again.”

I placed my hand in his, and as his fingers closed lightly over mine it was as if a dead hand had fastended to my own. I nearly cried aloud in a sudden horror of—I know not what. I sank backward into the chair I had just left, and closed my eyes to shut out those terrible eyes so near me; and when I opened them again, the briefest moment later, the man in gray had disappeared and mine host stood in the doorway, ready to show me to my room.

I was given a most comfortable apartment. A huge fire crackled and glowed in the grate, and in the warmth and cheer of the room, my fears of a moment before seemed more than absurd. Moving toward the window, I looked through the pane.

“Over the garden, sir,” explained the landlord.

“And what is that?” I said, pointing in the direction of some lights which twinkled faintly, opposite my windows.

“That is a wing of the house, sir; it is not in use.”

“But there are lights there,” I persisted.

“Oh, no, sir,” the man replied, hastily; a reflection, perhaps, from your own windows,—good night, sir.” And before I could reply, he was gone.

I seated myself before the fire. I was not a believer in things supernatural, and I was provoked at myself for my nervousness and my vivid imagination, which had—I was now resolved to believe—conjured up lights in deserted windows. I accounted for all this as the result of fatigue, res-

olutely turned my thoughts to other things, sat and smoked till I was sleepy, and then prepared for bed.

There were two doors in this room—one by which I had entered, the other leading doubtless into another room. I carefully locked both the last thing before getting into bed. The room was bright from the firelight, and I lay drowsily watching the flames, when I felt a cold draught of air sweep across the room, and turning my eyes in the direction from which it came, I saw for the first time, *a third door*. It was in the center of what had before looked to be a paneled wall, and the door now stood slightly ajar and swung irregularly to and fro in the air which came from behind it. I thought for the instant that the bed shook beneath me, but I dismissed the vague idea and advanced to shut the door. It was, I reflected, in a paneled wall, and I might easily have overlooked it. But as I approached it, the door slowly receded, or I should say—*faded*, and when I stood near enough to touch it, I saw only the small, regular panels of the wall that I had noticed before retiring.

"Bah!" I said, trying to conquer a sudden terror. "It has shut itself—swung to in the draught!" Still I wanted to find where it had been. A secret door is not a pleasant feature of a strange bed-chamber in a strange inn. I passed my hand nervously over the panels. I bent and examined them closely. I could see no evidences of any division where a door might be. At last I gave it up, and determined, if possible, to sleep away the rest of this most unpleasant night. I went back to bed. I had no sooner touched it than it began to shake with a peculiar throbbing motion, like the beat of an engine. I pulled it from the wall, tossed over the pillows and mattress, and then arranging it as best I might, I lay down again, with the same result. I turned my eyes to the paneled wall. There in the center, I saw the mysterious door now widely opened, revealing a long flight of steps leading into some dimly lighted space or room above. I saw, also, the edge of a black robe, such as priests wear, lying, as if some one were seated near the top stair. All this while the bed throbbed beneath me, and now it rocked and swayed from side to side, until I was nearly distracted with horror. I closed my eyes for an instant and opened them again on the fire, which was getting low. I saw and recognized one or two commonplace objects near the fireplace. I was certainly awake! Then there were things in this world of the other world, in spite of all my earlier doubts! No, this I could not believe! I was perhaps the victim of some hallucination—some illness, but the supernatural I would not accept. I left the terrible bed, where there was no hope of rest, and replenishing the fire, drew an easy chair before it and prepared to take what rest

I could in this way. I had carefully kept my face averted from that mysterious doorway, and since I could in no way explain it, I determined to ignore it.

Had I become suddenly blind? Although I sat within a foot or two from the fire, although I could feel its warmth an hear the snapping of the dry wood in the flames, I could not see its light! Indeed I could see nothing. A blackness so heavy that it could almost be felt, filled the whole room, concealing the windows, the furniture, the chair I sat in, my own figure, my hands—everything was shut out from my sight. I wheeled my chair to the right, then to the left; I could see nothing. I must have turned it completely around, facing the paneled wall; for I saw that—faintly at first, with the aid of a faint, bluish light, which seemed to glide before it and illumined it just enough to show me the door, whch opened slowly, noiselessly, to disclose the long, straight flight of stairs and the dim gleam from the chamber above, and the edge of the black robe—such as priests wear, lying near the top stair. Now I was incapable of further motion. I could not even turn my eyes; they were fastened to that line of black stuff lying on the stair. And as I watched it I saw it slowly drawn back, as if whoever—or *whatever*—wore it had moved away. For a moment there was an utter silence; even the wind, and the rain, which for the last hour had dashed furiously against my windows, ceased.

Then I heard a step coming down the stairs. Very measuredly it moved from one stair to the next, nearer nearer; and I heard the long robe trailing after it, with the soft, sweeping sound heavy fabrics make. Yes, I heard all this; and yet, though in all that room where the darkness hung like a pall, everything was shut out from my sight, save that dimly lighted stairway; I could see that, and nothing beside! I heard the slow steps and the trailing robe that followed them from stair to stair, but I could see only the staircase from top to bottom, and there was no one upon it. Yet it came on—steadily descending. I counted every step—there were thirteen in all—and when the last one was reached, the door was softly closed. Now the awful darkness so overwhelmed me that I would have welcomed yet another glimpse of the ghostly stairway. I sat rigidly upright in my chair, incapable of motion as I was of sight. Indeed I knew not now in what way to turn to find my candle and matches, and all the time the horrible, nameless thing was there. I had lost every faculty save that of hearing, and I waited in horrible suspense to hear—what? Only that measured footfall! It came slowly nearer. It was a halting step, like that of one wounded, dragging itself across the floor—and always in my direction. I began again to count the steps—one, two three. There

could be but one or two more ; it was very near me. Four—the fifth step would bring it close beside me. Should I die or go mad ! *It was there !* Its touch had fallen on me. Ice-cold fingers trailed twice across my forehead. The first touch made me remember all the joy I had ever known ; the second conjured up such unspeakable horror, that I gave up even the struggle to combat it—to escape, so that I sank down, down, and ceased even to think.

It was daylight when I regained consciousness. I heard a violent knocking at my door. It was some time before I could find the strength to reach it. When I finally did so, the landlord stood there. He looked anxious.

"Were you ill, sir ? We thought we heard in the night a cry—a fall—"

"I am not ill," I replied, with chattering teeth. "I had rather a bad night, and I am very cold."

He went away to get me something warming, and I threw wide the shutters. The sun streamed into the room. Across the garden was the crumbling wing of the old inn, forming the half of a square with the part of the house in which I was. There might easily be a connection, even with this very room of mine. I shuddered when I thought of the door in the paneled wall, and went over and examined the paneling. I heard a cough behind me and flung myself about suddenly. Mine host was regarding me from the doorway.

"A fine bit of paneling," I said. "Why is there only one wall in this room paneled ?"

"Why sir," he replied, "this room used to connect with the wing, but as the old owner had some prejudice against that part of the house, the passage was walled up."

I turned away that he might not see my paling face, and he left the room. Trying, as far as it lay in my power, to dismiss the events of the night from my mind, I dressed hastily, and turned my back on the room which I had entered with such different sensations. As I seated myself before an inviting breakfast, I suddenly remembered my fellow-traveler.

"Has your other guest been before me ?" I asked of the landlord.

The man stared at me. "We had no other guests in the house last night, except yourself, sir," he replied.

My heart seemed to stop its beating. I seized a glass of water and drank it feverishly. Then, trying to control my voice, I said : "I thought some one—a gentleman, entered the inn when I did."

"No, sir," replied mine host, "there was no one beside yourself."

THE RUINED COT

BY MILO LEON NORTON

Before me stands a ruined cot,
Where doleful winds are trilling,
And, wrapt in reminiscent thought,
My heart with grief is filling.

The beam exposed, the shattered pane,
The door unhinged and broken,
Forbid no more the wind and rain—
Decay's unerring token.

And, in that desolate abode,
I see Death, emblematic,
And follow Dissolution's mode
From rotting sill to attic.

The artisans who hewed those beams,
And spread that crumbling ceiling,
Long since have passed beyond the dreams
And hopes of mortal feeling.

The bride and groom of long ago,
Who, in that dwelling's keeping,
Drank deeply of life's joy and woe,
Are in the graveyard sleeping.

The children who, in rosy youth,
Filled full those rooms with laughter,
Scathed by life's bitterness and ruth,
Now dwell in the hereafter.

I peer into each empty room,
Through which the winds are sighing,
“O man, behold in this thy doom!”
The hollow walls are crying.

“T is false, ye spirit of despair!”
I cry, my heart rebelling;
“Life is continuous and fair,
Death can but raze my dwelling!”

* * * * *
* * * * * ODD ADVERTISEMENTS * * * * *

Contributions for this department are solicited. Send the entire page of the paper containing the advertisement if possible.

WANTED—WHISKERS TO KNOW. HUNOLD, Razorologist, has located at 33 Aborn st.

Only a facetious barber in the Providence (R. I.) *Journal*.

ODD ROCKERS.

WE have a lot of odd Rockers, one of each kind, which we are selling at half price, and they won't last long.

From a paper in Walla Walla, Wash.

Some personals from London.

From the *Standard*:

AIX-LES-BAINS.—If a fascinating gentleman, who was at Aix-les-Bains in June, fond of ske ching, traveled about with an india-rubber bath, and admired two young ladies at the Casino will communicate with Mr. Wm. Francis, Club Chambers, Norris street, Haymarket, he will hear of something to his advantage.

The following reminds one of Mark Twain's famous Greeley-letter story:

BEAUTY.—Decision closes understanding. Still think caution only required (not cleverness) for success. Bluster has beaten love and cowed humor, and fuss will soon restore balance.

Here is just one more "agony" ad from the daily *News*, which is singularly rich in the power of piquing curiosity. What is the matter with the advertiser's (or advertisee's, should I say) mother, anyhow?

THE SAME.—Do better for mother grieves. Remember how precious you are, and what hope lies in front. Would it benefit to have her? She longs to be near you. Her accomplishments may be "hazy," but she is still able to be introduced.—Love.

HARROGATE.—How shall I thank you my unknown friend? Though debarred from

you my warm thanks direct, I trust you will have your reward in hearing after my return of health regained through your loving and considerate kindness. Circumstances, I ought to say, prevent my leaving home, as I should much like to have done, for a week or two.

LADY COOK WANTED.—Lady house-maid kept, and boy for boots and coals.—Fenton, Redmarley, Gloucestershire.

There is a charming unconventionality also about the following, which appeared in another newspaper:

A NOBLEMAN of large estate wishes to place himself at the disposal (matrimonially) of a widow lady. Young, and with a suitable maintenance. A divorcee not objected to, provided the virtue of the lady is vindictaed by substantial alimony.

An advertiser in the Nantucket (Mass.) *News*, whose business it is to take summer visitors driving, is responsible for the following novel card:

SURREY.—I'm sorry to part with the Swiftsure (which could tell volumes could it talk), but have procured another and better vehicle, in which I expect to carry souvenir and other spoons during the season. I will lie at the old stand, Federal street, where I shall be ready to trade carriage hire for cash with any who may desire. I'm dearer than ever this season.

Yours weekly, WILLIAM BAXTER.

From the Albany (N.Y.) *Telegram*.

This is a great world. If some people don't see or get what they want they ask for it. A man who expects a young man of 13 to 17 to work without pay, ought to insist that the youth pay for the privilege of working for him.

BOY WANTED.—From 13 to 17 years of age. Must be fair writer and reasonably good at figures. No wages paid for six months. Address in applicant's handwriting, John Hourigan, accountant, 21 North Pearl street.

Study Them Don't Kill.

IF, instead of shooting the birds, scotching the snake, smashing the beetle and pinching the tiny life out of the butterfly, we were to watch any one of these creatures on a summer day the day would pass like an hour, so packed with exciting experience would it seem. Through what mysterious coverts of the woodland, into what a haunted underworld of tunneled banks and hidden ditches and secret passages the snake would show us the way, and we should have strange hearts if, as we thus watched it through its mysterious day, we did not find our dislike of the clever little creature dying away and even changing into a deep tendernssss toward the small, self-reliant life, so lonely a speck of existence in so vast a world.—Success.

A Skull as Big as a Bushel Basket.

ONE of the most remarkable finds of gigantic human remains of which there is any record was that made at Palermo, Sicily, in the year 1516, when an entire skeleton of unheard of proportions was unearthed by some marble quarry men. These mammoth remains measured exactly 34 feet from head to foot, and 9 feet 7 inches from point to point of the shoulders. A stone ax buried with this old time giant may still be seen at Palermo in the St. Isorent museum. It is made of a bluish bowlder, and appears to be about 2 feet 8 inches long by 1 foot broad and 9 inches through in the thickest place. A musty tag attached informs the visitor that it weighs 52 pounds, but the general verdict is about 35 lbs.

The skeleton was burned by a mob in the year 1662, during the prevalence of the black death at Palermo, the ignorant, superstitious people believing that it was connected in some mysterious way with the death-dealing plague. The skull of this giant, according to Abbe Ferregus, "was largely excessive of the baskets sayd to hold the bushel, being fitted above and below withe teeth to the number of sixty-four, the each of which would have weighed two ounces." Cavalier Scroy claimed to have found a skull on Teneriffe that had sixty teeth.

Cairo Street Warnings.

IN ancient countries the publicans fed lions of which, and their skins,

Ye Quaint Magazine.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY AT BOSTON, MASS.

OUR MOTTO: "TO BE DIFFERENT."

Subscription Price, 50 cts, per year; six months, 25 cents; single copies, 5 cts.
 Foreign subscription, 4 shillings. Advertising rates, 10 cts. per agate line.
 Positively no free copies. Address all communications to
 7 St. Paul street, QUAINT PUBLISHING CO. Boston, Mass.

Finding this notice marked you will understand that your subscription expires with this issue.

Entered as second-class matter June 16, 1903, at the Post Office at Boston, Mass. under the
 Act of Congress of March 3, 1879.

YE is the old-fashioned way of spelling *the*. Occassionly we receive
 a letter addressed to "The Ye Quaint Magazine." To use a curb-
 stone epigram, "Would n't that tickle the tongue in your sister's shoe?"

QUAINT: "Pleasingly odd," says the Standard Dictionary. That is
 just the idea we endeavor to carry out in the making of this periodical.
 Things odd, queer and curious, without being unduly gruesome, are
 what we are after.

MAGAZINE making has usually been done in an impersonal way. We
 desire the hearty cooperation of our readers. Suggest, criticise, ask
 questions, say anything you please. Things that at your end of the
 world may seem commonplace, might interest some one at the other end
 greatly. Something clipped from your local paper will be full as likely to be
 useful to us as would an excerpt from some metropolitan journal.

FROM POLE TO POLE. We have subscribers in Alaska, and in the
 South Sea Islands. Our advertisers tell us that they have replies from
 "Ye Quaint," long after other mediums have been forgotten.

THE, WHAT IS IT? There have been many inquiries in regard to the
 little figure on the cover. One writer calls it, "the devil with a night
 cap on." But the tail looks more like a mermaid. A dollar book,
 your own choice, will be given for the best guess as to what it really is.
 Letters must be in before February 15.

* BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS *

BY QUANTICUS

I believe that book reviews should, as a general thing, be short and to the point. What is wanted is a brief hint what the book is, and then you will be able to judge if you are interested in it.

This book is translated from the German by Benedict Lust. The book is just what the name implies. All disease is caused by straying away from nature's methods. In this work the author has made a careful and searching inquiry as to what the original plan was, and how best to get back to it. Medicines do not cure our diseases. At best they are only palliatives.

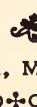
RETURN TO NATURE
BY ADOLPH JUST

They often do more harm than good. Christian Science, Mental Science, Physical Culture, Osteopathy, all these things are showing us every day the folly of physic. A large, well printed and bound book of some three hundred odd pages. The price is \$2, and it is worth every cent of it. Benedict Lust, N. Y.

This is a manual of sexual science for young men. It is far and away the best thing of the kind that has ever been done. A clean, TRUE MANHOOD carefully written book. The volume also contains in
BY E. R. SHEPHERD addition THE WHITE CROSS, Its Origin and Progress, **BY B. F. DE COSTA, D. D.** The book is more than usually well gotten up, and has a beautiful and substantial binding. \$1.00. Stockham Publishing Co., Chicago.

No doubt Mr. E. W. Dodge gave his periodical this striking title with the idea that everybody would want it. Every one who likes RICHES to follow the lucubrations of a thinker *will* want it after (Ruskin, Tenn.) he has tried it; although if you have not got beyond the *Saturday Evening Post* stage you will not care for it. Yearly subscription, 25 cts.

This periodical came out with a very handsome anniversary number on November 15, and will hereafter be published monthly. OPPORTUNITY A beautiful cover design adorns it, it is well printed, (Denver, Colo.) and worth the price. Yearly subscription, 50 cts. Single numbers, 5 cts. [Continued on page 16.]


ASTROLOGY


Conducted by Dr. Derolli, Scientific Astrologer, Hotel Pelham, Boston, Mass.

Lucky and Unlucky Days for January and February, 1904.

These predictions will not fit into every life with accurate details. They are safe deductions from planetary relations and will be found helpful and in the main quite correct. Of course to get at an individual experience, and to take advantage of precise work, a chart of each person must be studied.

January, 1904.

A happy New Year to you. May all good thoughts and helps be yours.

1. This first day of the New year has no striking heavenly aspect.
2. This also is rather tame, no inspiration for great acts.
3. Sunday. Full moon. Still rather quiet for any help.
4. Better to continue a matter than to begin a new one.
5. Distinctly unfavorable. Keep quiet. Do not argue.
6. It's too bad. Not strong. Better afternoon. Fairly good evening.
7. This is much better. You will be safe for conservative acts.
8. Slumps again. Don't be impatient. I know it's slow.
9. This is better. If you are not impulsive it's all right.
10. Sunday. If it were a week day you could seize a business matter.
11. The forenoon is all right. Pitch in and do it. Stop at 6 p. m.
12. Fairly good. If you have fully considered a thing you can clinch it.
13. Use this day. It has the promise of good things. Good socially.
14. Same as yesterday. If you have had misunderstandings now is the time to make up and be good.
15. Wideawake day. Catch hold and make a success of your plans.
16. Good again. Almost any reasonable plan

will work out well. Never imitate a flea. Don't jump. Be conservative.

17. Sunday. All right for the parson and for you. Keep on good terms with the parson. He can marry or bury you. New moon.
18. Good start for a new week. Money. Love. Travel. Health.
19. This is another. Your mind will be clear; acts prudent.
20. Good again. So much for waiting. Your mind ought to be clear, and you will be prompt in your decisions.
21. Still another good day. You see that the month improves as it progresses. That's what you should do.
22. Not bad but not quite as strong.
23. The week closes finely. This is a dandy day for work and acts. Not quite so good socially. She and you.
24. Sunday. The influences of the stars are good today.
25. Up to 8 p. m. it's all right for any of your plans.
26. Four planets will fight you if you begin an important measure.
27. We get back into good conditions. Jupiter will keep you. Go ahead.
28. Strong again. Good day to begin a thing. Social or financial.
29. Call a halt. I do not see much help in any way today.
30. This is better, especially in the afternoon.
31. Sunday. Don't speak a cross word, or lose your temper, or do a hasty act. There are two influences quite unfavorable to serenity.

February, 1904.

1. Nearly all planetary tendencies are unfavorable to new plans and important considerations.
2. This is better; but not wholly relieved of yesterday's tendencies. Move carefully.
3. Safe in all directions if prudence is used. Not good for impulsive acts.
4. Use great caution in words, and all business matters. Not good to begin journey.
5. Rather better but not first class. Careful.
6. Here is a good one: push it vigorously. Good all-around day.
7. Sunday. Why not go to church and keep out of mischief? Rather mean day.
8. Better but not strong: socially good: ambition good.
9. Gains. Undertake matters that you have been planning. Push them well.
10. Better still: give conservative actions a vigorous send-off. Good day.
11. Bright mind. It will pay now to do your best. These days repay your waiting.
12. So will this. Let the good work go on.
12. Still another. These good influences combine for social and business helps.
14. Sunday, All the influences are poor, particularly active mind.
15. Well enough to prosecute previous decisions: not good to begin new ones.
16. New moon: and first class day.
17. Equally good. Make it effective.
18. Bright: spunky: keen: you will do it. Go ahead. Don't get saucy, and you are all right.
19. Be careful in your own home not to be sarcastic or lacking in consideration of others' feelings.
20. Fine day for new and old matters. Make it tell.
21. Another good day. In business very strong but it's Sunday.
22. Not so strong, but full enough of good for all practical purposes.
23. This is above the average. Use it.
24. Like yesterday. Go ahead on most lines.
25. Very best for social ties and the preliminaries.
25. Mixed. Rest a little. Begin nothing new.
27. Rather slim. No marked features.
28. Business must give way to moderation. Why not read? think? hear? grow?
29. Left ear. The girls may have it their own way, for certainly it's not very strong for the men folks.

PREHISTORIC PALMISTRY

PROF. WILDER, of Smith college, has discovered the drawing of a human hand upon rocks at Kejemkoojic lake, Nova Scotia, made by the Micmac Indians, and believed to be pre-columbian. What is remarkable about it is the accuracy with which the lines, papillary ridges and whorls or spiral patterns upon the balls of the fingers are delineated. The question arises, did the Indians have a crude idea of palmistry? As is well known Indian picture writing had a definite purpose, was it the purpose of the aboriginal artist to record a knowledge of the palmist's art?

Prof. Wilder mentions the fact that the Bella Coola Indians of British Columbia represent a hand in their picturegraphs with the figure of an eye upon it. Questioned about it an Indian pointed to the whorls on his finger tips which resemble an eye. These whorls are identical in position with the walking pads upon the soles of the claws of animals. If you will compare the whorls on your hands with the pads on a cat's feet you'll see.

[BRIEF BOOK REVIEWS CONTINUED]

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Boston, Dec. 1, 1903.

DEROLLI.

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**A. W. Rideout,**

7 St. Paul st.,

Boston, Mass.



QUAINT POEM.

The House of Hate.

Mine enemy builded well, with the soft blue hills in sight,
 But betwixt his house and the hills I builded a house far spiter,
 And the name thereof I set in the stonework over the gate,
 With a carving of bats and apes, and I called it the House of Hate
 And the front was alive with masks of malice and of despair,
 Horned demons that leered in stone, and women with serpent hair;
 That whenever his glance would rest on the soft hills far and blue,
 It must fall on mine evil work, and my hatred should pierce him through.
 And I said, "I will dwell herein, for beholding my heart's desire
 On my foe," and I knelt, and in vain had brightened the hearth with fire;
 But the brands they would hiss and die, as with curses a strangled man,
 And the hearth was cold from the hour that the House of Hate began.
 And I called with a voice of power, "Make ye merry, all friends of mine,
 In the Hall of my House of Hate, where is plentiful store and wine;
 We will drink unhealth together unto him I have foiled and fooled!"
 And they stared and they passed me by; but I scorned to be thereby schooled.
 And I ordered my board for feast, and I drank in the topmost seat
 Choice grape from a curious cup: and the first it was wonder-sweet:
 But the second was bitter indeed, and the third was bitter and black,
 And the gloom of the grave came on me and I cast the cup to wrack.
 Alone, I was stark alone, and the shadows were each a fear,
 And thinly I laughed, but once, for the echoes were strange to hear;
 And the wind on the stairway howled, as a green eyed wolf might cry,
 And I heard my heart; I must look on the face of a man or die!
 So I crept to my mirrored face, and I looked, and I saw it grown
 (By the light in my shaking hand) to the like of the masks of stone;
 And with horror I shrieked aloud as I flung my torch and fled:
 And a fire-snake wreathed where it fell, and at midnight the sky was red.
 And at morn, when the House of Hate was in a ruin, despoiled of flame,
 I fell at mine enemy's feet and besought him to slay my shame.
 But he looked in mine eyes and smiled, and his eyes were calm and great;
 "You rave or have dreamed," he said; "I saw not your House of Hate!"

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ELBERT HUBBARD.

Misrepresentation.

This is the answer to the anagram "Simon Peter in tears." Correct solutions were received from, Albert M. Low, Wellesly Hills, Mass.; George Reither, Felicity, O.; Mrs. M. B. Babcock, Walpole, Mass.; Miss M. H. Sistrunk, Verdery, S. C.; Mrs. F. M. V. Duff, Charleston, Wash.; F. A. Smyth, Boston, Mass.

Gold in the River.

Speaking of what a dredge can do, in the December number, I should have said, a man working by hand makes \$10 a day, a dredge can do more than one hundred times as much.

You should write to Mr. Vrooman for particulars of this novel proposition if you have not already done so.

A Misapprehension.

A former department official who lives in Washington, bears the same name as a poet from Pennsylvania. He received a letter intended for the poet which read as follows:

Dear friend & statesman: I rite you the urliest dait to be so cind as to do me a fafor. I haf trid all cinds of patent medisin for hart decease an no avail. I red your little pome on Hart deces beginnin

"The hart which sad tumultus beets,
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wil oft recover its defects
Thro' natur's sweet refrane."

I now ask you to send me by return male 2 bot-
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never trid an injun doc but haf took all cinds
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The Obedient Typewriter.

The chief was cross that morning and was venting his wrath on the pretty young lady who manipulated the typewriter.

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"You insist that you don't want anything disturbed there," she said meekly.

"Well, I don't want my papers disturbed, but I don't want this sheet of postage stamps left there."

"Where shall I put them?" she inquired demurely as she took them up.

"Don't ask so many questions;" he snapped. "Put them anywhere out of my sight."

"Very well sir," she cooed as softly as a dove, and licking them with her pretty red tongue she stuck the sheet on his bald head and walked out to seek a new situation.—*Bits.*

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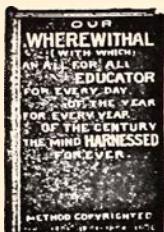
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